

# Free Beer Press

GET THE U.S. OUT OF NORTH AMERICA!

## RETARDS QUELL REVOLT!

Course the big new round here is the Sunday night rock shows at Big Daddy's, the 'Zoo's numero uno top-40 bar. But then I should say 'was the Sunday night rock shows' cuz they be NO MO. Yee, once again a noble and worthwhile endeavor has been equashed by the usual Kalamazoo asshole conservatism. Fuck it, I've said it before and I'll say it again: the reason this town sucks is cuz the people in this town simply DON'T CARE. They don't wanna hear new music, they simply are not interested. And why should they be? They got their Police, and Club Culture, and GODDAMN MEAT PUPPETS. 'What? Go see 3 new bands for only 2 dollars? No way, man, I just got the new Roger Waters!' Buncha damn whiteheads, if ya ask me. And add to that the short-sighted, narrow-minded, red neck mentality of the Big Dads management: they actually tried (unsuccessfully) to pull the plug on Blight and Coagulated Child. Why? Because they weren't playing 'Miss Me Blind' or 'Jump,' you stupid shit! Because they didn't like them. Of 'Child one fat asshole said 'I been in the bar bizniz for 13 years and I never heard nothin like that!' Well of course he hadn't, he's been spending hundreds of dollars a week (for years) to get these t.f. bands that ALL SOUND THE SAME. I mean, they all got the long hair, the stuffed trowsers, and the creativity of a New Freedom panty shield. Hell, a couple of these whitehead managers actually took a noted drummer in the back room and tried to work him over! Really! Course the drummer smashed both their faces and then demanded head. They didn't balk, they sucked him dry and smiled. They'd earned their paychecks.

So anyway, you worthless shits, for exactly 1 month and 1 week the Zoo was rockin on the sabbath. Were you there? Well its yer loss, ase-face. Here's what ya missed:

**SCOOTER & THE WORMS:** Pop/rock/punk/funk. Hey, I really like these guys but the singer and guitarist have simply got to lose weight. Sheesh.

**INVISIBLE INK:** Ska/pop/wave. These guys are good at what they do but the question is 'Why bother?' Possibly the eleiest band ever and the sax player makes the Tooth Fairy look like Mr. T.

**BLIGHT:** Dirge metal made easy. Tee-co's gone, the horn is gone, hell, this whole band is gone! Beet on acid.

**VIOLENT APATHY:** Punk/metal. Hey, any punk band that's cool enough to cover Klee's 'Rock and Roll All Night' is cool enough for me. Now if they'd only do AC/DC's 'Big Balle'. I mean, the mind boggles.

**THE DIALECTS:** Pop/wave. Good band if you don't mind that there's NO GUITAR (drums, bass, keyboard). Big in Ann Arbor.

**SILAS MARNER:** Rock/roll/metal. Good young band with fucking great guitar. If only the singer would do something about his hair...

**DED ENGINE:** Heavy metal. Dear holy Jesus! Never have I seen a band throw out so many HM clichés with such (clichéd) conviction. Stupid lyrics, drab music, lotes flet in the air, and enough



THE DICKS. The flash hurt his eyes.



SILAS MARNER. "I SAID TURN THAT THING DOWN!!"

The volume remained the same.

make-up to drown an Avon lady. I tell ya people like this stuff for the same reason they like punk: it gives a bunch of skinny wimps a chance to act tough. And all that leather! Sheesh, screw the whales. SAVE THE COWS!

**MEDIEVAL:** More HM. Kinda like Limp Engine minus the leather and hippie hair. Typical HM noise but without the pretention, which counts for a lot if ya ask me. Beet song: 'Kill Me Now.' If the Engine boys had sung it I woulda been more than happy to oblige.

**COAGULATED CHILD:** Voodoo puey music. And when I say 'puey' I don't mean wimpy, I mean moist, strange, and mysterious. Like no two alike. Like slow black water washing over craggy rocks and brightly colored diving

birds. Like pretty suicide. (and epeaking of pretty, the singer is)

FREE BEER TOP TEN

1. DIE KRAZEN: All-truly innovative thrash. Great scatter-shot vocals. Sell the farm for this one.

2. LEATHER NUN: 'First Fuckers Associated.' Ouch, I like it! Dark, funky, and sick sick SICK. A gem.

3. TRACEY ULLMAN: 'I Can't Break Away' - Shades of Leslie Gore & cupcakes from Heaven. It makes me feel good so fuck you.

4. THE DICKIES: 'She's A Hunchback' - Oh, I just love a love song. Who says romance is dead?

5. TESCO VEE: 'Dutch Hercules' - lp-Top down, pants off, bottoms up! This is my kinda fun. Why pay more?

6. DEBBY ALLEN: 'I Hurt For You' - life is pain, baby. Get used to it.

7. DEBAUCHED: Cassette-Gone but not forgotten. Especially recommended for insomniacs.

8. TAMMY TWNETTE: 'Sometimes I'm A Little Girl' - This song is so, ah forget it. Its like tryin to tell a stranger about rocknroll.

9. LEE GREENWOOD: 'God Bless the U.S.A.' - Just don't pray in the classroom. Testing...1,2,3...in 5 minutes we start bombing Russia.

10. WAVE COUNTY: 'Are You Man Enough To Be A Woman?' - Macho to the nth degree. Calling Kolhoff!

11. JOHN SHEPARD: 'Neighbor's Daughter' - Yeah, yeah, but can she cook?

ATLANTIS: What? ZZ Top? REO Speedwagon?? How'd these guys get in here?

Cloee that window!

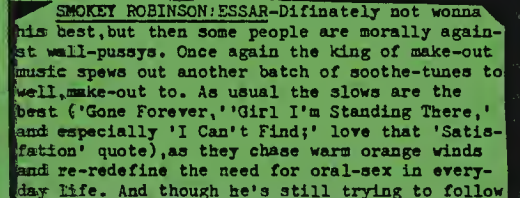
BLUE SPOTS: New wave. Okay, so the consensus is in: these guys (new guitar and bass) have vastly improved. Translated that means 'more accessible.'

Whereas before they were truly bad (which can be good) now they're just plain boring. But hell, the songs are secondary. Basically there's nothing wrong with this band that killing the singer won't cure.

HOLY TERROR: Punk/funk/rocknroll. Saw these dudes a year ago, when they were fronted by Craig T., editor of EN

TIMES mag, and loved em. Course he turned out to be a flaming intellectual so he jumped ship. Anyway, they got a new dude who not only sings better but wears funny shorts. Fave tune: 'Do You Wanna Dance,' 'Ole,' that weird guitar acid song, and that funk tune that that one strange white guy tried breaking to. They also have the coolest bass player this side of Lake Michigan. I mean, these guys could be the most fun band in the state. And what more could you want?









MUSIC NOTES FROM THE (S) MAIL CITY!!... PLASTIC FLASH: The 'Zoo's own Coagulated Child are putting the finishing touches on an lp they're splitting with ADC. Its produced by Mr. Good Vibration himself, Mike Love, and personally I can't wait! I just love bald men... NOTES FROM THE TUB: Hot new band in town: Dick Bowser's Cock! a punk band comprised of 2 midgets blowing rape whistles. Look for their 4 inchers OUT SOON!... Well its been 3 months and Mike Hard still hasn't returned. Now lets keep those fingers crossed....

### "A PIECE"

Sometimes when I'm alone and my hand is my lover I think about all the good times we've had live, like the time you fucked the hell out of my mouth and then I fucked yours. And the time you gave me a fantastic hot oil rub, fucked me until I thought I was floating around somewhere in heaven and then gave me a nice sweet golden shower to bring me back. Also the time you stuck your beautiful hot juicy prick so far up my ass the cum came oassing out my mouth. And that goddamn magnet effect gets it every time. But if you really wanna know my true fantasy I'll tell ya. I wanna be fucked upsidedown. You know, when your ass is practically in your own face and it's like a magnified view of that gorgeouse hot rod pumping so fine until the whole world dissapears and its just you and me, cum all over my face and shit all over yours.....



THE BIG RED 1

"Come in and remove everything from the waist down" Hop up on the table prospective patient - I feel it's about time we openly discussed some of the common 'unmentionable' medical problems that are plaguing many Americans today. Having been a member of the medical profession for the last 8 years makes me feel qualified to give public advice regarding very well known and up till now 'taboo' illnesses.

Let's start from scratch - ha-ha - no, seriously now, I'll bet you're reading this and perhaps thinking "H-m-m-m, my buttohole sure does itch!" or maybe "Gosh, it feels like there's tabasco sauce on my rectum". DON'T PANIC! It's probably just a few gravid female seatworms migrating to your anus. It is widely believed that their movements cause intense itching. Seatworms are a rare breed yet very similar to the other intestinal dwellers probably infesting your body (i.e. round, hook, flat, tape and pin worm not including the misnomer fungal dweller ring worm). The similarities are as follows: tapered, slender, soft body; grub or maggot-like coloration; desire to live and reproduce; and, maintaining on the semi-solid brown matter filtered through the intestines.

While seatworms are usually identified by nighttime itching only, the scum-sucking tapeworm is generally the source of chronic smelly fingers. The adult worm tries to wind its ribbon-like body through the entire intestinal track while robbing your system of vital food nutrients.

Feeling run-down and blah lately? Noticed any paper-like shards in your stools (take time to look)? How about unexplained weight loss? If yes to any of the above - seek worm purging drugs immediately (after consultation with your doctor, dealer or pharmacist, of course). Why not try baby laxatives?

NOTE: Stay home (alone!) when undergoing worm exorcism as the drugs work by causing the living tissue mass to be expelled out the anus at a high velocity by the severe muscle spasms of the intestinal wall. Many a patient has been caught red-faced with their pants down after such a highly personal experience in public, so remember that. Also try to avoid vomiting when you see the writhing heap of repulsion in its communal death throes, (you don't want to hunker down over a mess like that do ya?). Just remain calm and flush the nasty wrigglers down and make sure to always wash your hands before each meal and definatly after a bowel movement to avoid re-infestation. And, always wipe from front to back.

You may even find colonic therapy to be a useful tool in your battle against worm infestation. Look in the yellow pages and I'm sure you'll find several accredited clinics. Call now. Are you going to be a human or a worm? Get help now and have people want to shake your hand!

Health Hint: a fresh feeling buttohole is a sign of good intestinal health.

Rx: Take as many as you got and see what happens. Dr. V



who shot Bobby?



# BLIGHT

featuring: Pat, drums  
Mike, bass  
Steve, guitar  
Scott, vocal (Moog- Prodigy)

DAY ONE: It's one of those days when the sky hangs low & gray. No joyfull birds in the trees. Lots of sirens & old ladies walking the streets. But heck- I can't complain. I volunteered for this job: roadie; BLIGHT. All the beer & braunschwager sandwiches I want. It's a non-union job- no pension.

I'm trying to eat breakfast when they come by to pick me up. I grab my dirty underwear & sleeping bag & pile into the Chevy van... God it's crowded in here. Were do I sit? Never mind... Hi, guys.

My face is pressed into a speaker cabinet. We're going through Gary, Indiana. Pat says, "This is the high-light of the trip, fellas!" I look out the window & smoke a cigarette, for lack of a better idea.

"MY HEAVENS!!", Mike gasps. It's obvious that Scott has a severe gas problem. Claims he's been eating bread & beans for days. It's atrocious. He grins, farts, & says "YO!" A radical vegetarian, indeed.

As we enter Wisconsin, Mike proclaims it the drinking & driving state. He took the week off work so this is his vacation. He brought along a case of liquor, just in case. We stop for gas & mixer.

CHRIST! This is the strongest Bloody Mary I've ever had... Were's the blood? We pull into Oshkosh, the fudge packing capital of the world. There's a lot of taverns up here. It's impressive. We find the hall & I set up the equipment. Lots of heavy breathing.

The guy's are out back doing an interview with the local radio station. "So how do you like playing all- ages shows?" Steve, "I hate kids." Good point. "Is Tesco in this band?" Scott walks up. He has his shirt off & has painted "TESCO" on his back & chest. "Oh."

The show goes o.k. Scott jumps on a table for the last song & it falls apart. Kinda genious but rather lame... Beckey grabs me & we leave. Guess I forgot to load their equipment...

DAY TWO. It's a short drive to Madison. Rather pretty but Scott keeps a fartin. It smells like a sewer in here. "All I want is the air that I breath-" Steves just joking. No one dares light a match.

We arrive at "VIG'S", the bar that their playing at for the next 2 nights. It's on some big campus. Everyone is glad to get out of the fetid van. I move equipment while those guys search for swizzle sticks. There's 2 bands from California here, too, Youth Brigade & Red Whore. There's free beer for the band & the boys are unmercifull at the tap. "You should donate your liver to science." Steve gets the address from the bar- tender.

What a show! Pat bludgeons the drums to death. Steve pastes tiny children to the wall with his snooty guitar. Scott falls over & sprains his knee. It's o.k. He finishes the set on his back. Afterwards Mike cheerfully suggests corrective surgery.

Tonight they sleep in some cat's apartment. No water. No electricity. Pat breaks out a fresh bottle of toma toe juice. Mike dumps vodka into it & says, "I suppose this is a silly question, but is there a phone in here?" Everyone laughs & Scott falls through the front window. What a joker. He's bleeding profusly & someone leads him to a drinking fountain & cleans the wound. What a mess. I kiss Edna & we leave.



DAY THREE. I dunno who slept with who, but Steve woke up with blood on his bandana. We go out to the suburbs & stay at John's folk's house. Scott's still bleeding. We take him to the hospital. What a bore. We sit in the waiting room while they stitch him up. They put him on anti-biotics. He takes them religiously & stops farting.

Back at VIG'S. Since he can't walk, Scott sings sitting down. Great p.a. Mike rocks America to hard & looses a contact lens out of his eye. It's really loud. I walk out of the joint & one girl says to another, "They're not even hardcore." Reply, "They look old."

Mike puts his glasses on & says, "It's all shit." We go back to the suburbs. Coleen says, "Goodnight." I squeeze her butt, "Goodnight."

DAY FOUR. Oh shit... The show in Milwaukee has been canceled. Steve makes a phone call & they head back to Oshkosh for a show with Die Kreuzen. First the boys were gonna play second, then last, then they ran out of time & didn't get to play at all. Well, they got paid anyway. Paid not to play... What a scam. They all slept on a single mattress & made sandwiches... Blight sandwiches. I take the mustard & go over to Nicole's place. She was tired.

DAY FIVE. We leave Wisconsin- the land of cheese & sausage & drive to Chicago. There's a lot of bars here. We go to one. TUT'S. They're playing here tonight. Pat has trouble parking the van. Someone behind is blocked into traffic & yells out the window, "Go back

to Detroit!" Mike is outside directing Pat into a parking space, "Fuck You!" he shouts. Hey, these guys know how to make freinds.

I lug the stuff up to the stage & set it up. They do a sound check. The sound guy say's, "The synth sounds like a ground hog!" It's a good show- they blow the punk rockers right out of the water. Later, in the dressing room, Mike says, "Hand me that magazine, I wanna stare at the cover for awhile." No one is listening. The guys try to score some

anorexic punkettes. "How old are you guy's, anyway? You look like Jim Bacchus?"

Scott, "Which one do you want?"

Steve, "Stand there, honey, I'm walking toward ya."

Mike, "You guy's... don't do that." Pat winks at the babes & spills beer down the front of his shirt.

I load the van & go over to this girls apartment. She lives in a high-rise on Lake Michigan. No one is looking... I pee in the sink.

DAY SIX. Now Mike's got the farts. Steve eats smoked fish in the back & throws the bones out the window, "No deposit, no return." We go to Lakeside, Michigan. I'm confused. We sleep in a beach house. Mike has limited vision. "Whada that sign say?" It said STOP but no one saw it. We spray paint lil' fish & play volleyball in the dark with sensitive artists. I think of Bonnie's bottom & go to sleep.

DAY SEVEN. Lansing, Mich. The Farm. The fellas finish off the case of liquor, giving scotch & soda to the hungry crowd. Pat walks on water, Steve eats wafers. Scott starts out the first song by reading American League standings. Kids throw straw, Mothers roast goat, Mike drinks Pimm's. It's a good gig.

We drive back to Steve's apartment. What are all these girls doing here?! Steve announces, "I haven't got enough floor-space for all you teeny-bopper's, so clear out!"

"I don't like you'r friend, he's a dick."

"Sure." I stuff her into my sleeping bag & we party naked.

Hey Carol, write me, o.k.?



# the Toilet Tapes

## -Dr. Dead

Like, dig it, man, when we asked all you yahoo bands out there to send in yer tapes we never expected such a truly bomb turn-out. I mean, its done wonders for our music selection, so much so that we won't have to buy any of them round black things for at least a week and a half. Just wanna say thanks to everyone who sent and that if you're in a band and haven't sent then you better get on the stick. ALL tapes (or recs) will be reviewed. And remember; we do take bribes.

**THE RICES:** 'Pretty Little Clones'- Comprised of a sister and bro team, this slithering ocean of swamppace is a-okay! Just a synth (him) and an extremely deranged voice (her), it sounds like Joy Division with Nina Hagen hijacking the bus. (But it sounds good. The bus driver doesn't mind. He LIKES it.) And the song is tifts' strong melody, good words, and a thoroughly convincing vocal attack. Like when she sings 'Clones...they make me sick...' its with such utter contempt that I feel like I should go take a shower or somethin'. I mean, this stuff is like being accosted by slow-motion bats and is the true buzz juice. If theres more of this shit I wanna know about it. Every now and then everybody needs to light a cig, cock their hat, and walk off into a black sunset. —

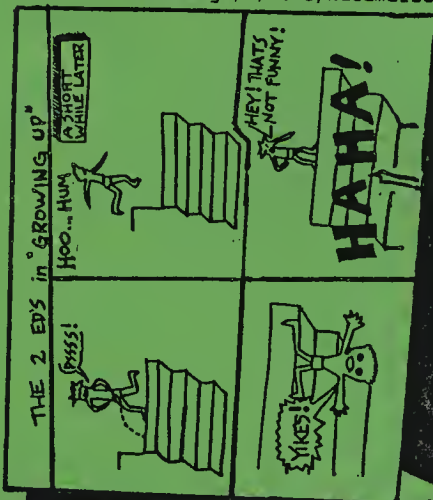
**EARL AND SHERRY:** 'Jump'/'No Security' Oh, help me. Not another synth duo? Just what you been waitin for, right? Well, cool yer jets, Framrod; these are some high quality (though low-keyed) goods. And just cuz the drums are phoney don't mean this crameat ain't FUN. I mean, 'Jump' has gotta be one of the GOOFIEST songs evar, specially when they chirp 'jump, jump, jump' like a couple of lost magpies. And its a protest song, fer christsakes! (Is Joan Baez dead yet?) I mean, sheesh and double sheesh! My favorite, though, is 'No Security,' a tune about B and Eling on the north side. Its got dat funky beat, its got dem James Brown horns, hell, its even got a place to hang yer knick-knacks. (And I haven't said a word about their version of 'Summer In the City' which features instruments played by real people! WOW) More, man, MORE! (write to 336 Rose st., Kalamazoo, MI.)

**JOHN SHEPARD:** 'Bohemian Lunchmeat' caeette-Guitarist (for Garfield's fave band, Noise Puzzle Johnny unleashes this 5 song examination of life in the truly strange lane. No synth-pap here (no base or drume either); just a, um, voice and oodles of psycho six-string. And thats eeyin somethin in this age of guitarist who really want to be proctologist. 'Runnin Away' starts it all off with a languid fugitive's lament, something we all need, and 'One Of These Days', a kisse-off song for slugs, takes it on out. In between ya got 'Mellow Fellow,' a self-explanatory tune that really sniffs the armpit of its subject matter. Reminds me of caramel, tanned nipples, and McDonalds ewet and sour sauce. Like, I like it. Then theres my fave rave, 'Neighbor's Daughter;' hey, if you can imagin AC/DC (again, no drums, no bass) doing their own 'Mets Machine Music', then yer about as close as yer gonna get. This is a song a body can actually feel comfortable living with Okay, thats 4, whats left? Oh yeah, '6 Inch 22.' Sorry Johnny, you can take that on ta hell.

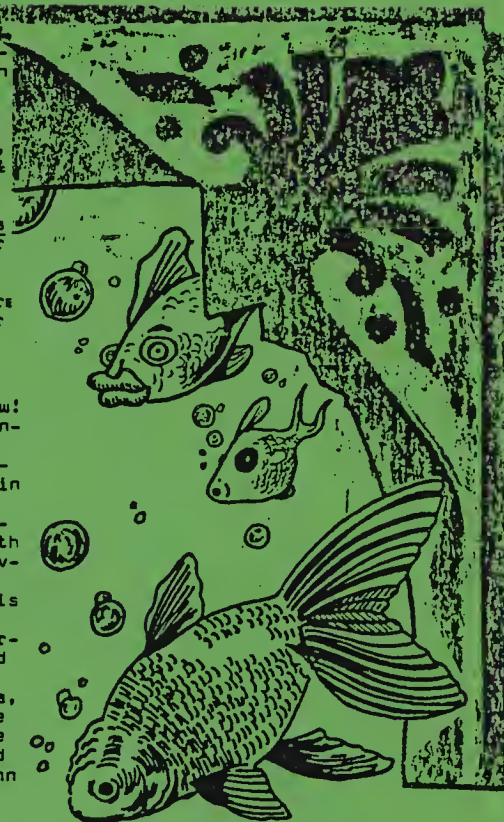
Okay, so 4 outts 5 anit bad, and hey, its a real nice diversion, NOW WHERE'S THAT NOISE PUZZLE RECORD??? Fuckin punkrockers, anyway... (1223 Washington/Kalamazoo, MI)

**SLACKERS:** 'Live Raggae At Hobbies'- Basically it comes down to what yer into. Peopla who arn't into punk complain that 'it all sounds the same,' just as folks who arn't into country complain that it all sounds the same. Well, I'll tell ya, I HATE this shit cuz--drumroll, please--IT ALL SOUNOS THE SAME. (Slow & thin) And whats this 'Rasta' shit? I mean, white people have been trying to enlarge their penis' for years but this is ridiculous. Oh well, if yer a regular FBP reader you know we strongly reccomend the wholesale slaughter of all these pretentious rag-gay fakes. They're dull, stupid, and they want to molest yer children. They also need their penis' enlarged.

**T-SNAKES:** 'Tell Me What You Want'/'Killer'/'I Want To Be A Beatie'- Whew! I was starting to worry about this buncha kooks. I mean, this is good stuff. Makes me glad I didn't get hit by Sky-lab after all. 'Tell Me' is a low-flyin rocker with neat harmonica and words that don't send you running to yer Bukowski for relief. And Tina (lead mouth is so hot that it should silence forever all those lab animals who say 'But she's soooo affected!') Sorry, Gumby, this is the real Deal. And on 'Killer' she shines even brighter. Its fast and furious (hot geetar, more good lyrics) and zooms like you wouldn't expect from these folks. I mean, we're talkin 'Whoa, nelly!' And when Tina sings 'They were gangsters, they were nowhere!' its more than exhilarating, its therapeutic! And 'I Want To Be A Beatie' proves ol' John boy didn't die in vain. He died on a sidewalk. Now get outta here. (1932 S. Westnedge/apt. 3/Kalamazoo, MI)



See you in Kalamazoo!



HEY!  
FBP P.O. Box 1513  
KALAMAZOO, MI  
49007

### SCENERY

Birdwatcher's Lament

by Dr. Dead Serious

The stupid lonely clown nursed a Strobe in the corner, luke warm, his greasy head falling over it. His eyes were vacant, half-closed, his face blotched with ellobber and tears. He smelled like cat pie.

It was a topleas place over somewhere on the north side, right down the etreet from the Reid Hotel. One a.m. Seven hours, keeping the same eat warm. The bubble came one after another and he didn't think about anything, not a thing, nothing at all. Sometimes he thought about his csts. (Was there enough food?) Usually though, nothing. He watched his hand, his cigarette. Ordered another drink.

The dancer (Vaness) had large walnut-colored eyes and they sparkled beneath the sleazy strobelight, glistening in pools of green and blue. She was 29 and she was lovely (like dirty snow) and there was no bitterness. And she twirled, left leg out, right hand high and arched. She saw the clown (his face almost flat on the tsble) and she moved in, swirling lightly towards him. A quick-fingered snap (a true work of art) and she teased her brassiere (lacey and beige) over his head. Not with a tease or a taunt--just a smile. A real one.

But the weight of it was, evidently, too much. When it landed on his head he fell stiffly from his chair. The owner and five bouncers ran over to him but it was too late. He was dead.



# PIG BOY'S LETTER TO AMERICA:

DEAR DIARY,  
IT'S BOTTOMING OUT!!

I gotta spare ya my usual socio- political ramblings this time out on accounta I gotta sumpin' I need to get off my chest. It's been a rough summer. I got no one to talk to. I'm lonely. Sometimes I feel like doing bad things. Please bara with me... My life & times.

First off- I lost my job. I got called up from the smelting room to the office. Colonel Klink sat behind his naugahide deak. Balding, smiling, he gestured wildly & mentioned that I would be laid off work for 2 weeks. That was 2 months ago. Now I stand in a long line to collect money from the government. Free cheese- Free money: Greaz I'm hungry. Support the unemployed.

Meanwhile... later that week I talked to my step-sister- Anthrax. Annie won some kind of court decision (never mind) & got a bunch of beer from the Police. I helped her move it & she gave me a keg in return. However, the Police didn't bother to refrigerate it & it tasted like day old moose pee. But it was FREE & it was BETTER. Buckwheat & I tried for 3 days to kill that sucker. We finally got to the bottom of it late one Saturday morning. We clinked goblets & toasted, "Good ale ya got 'ere." Burp.

It was flat, tasted like bog water & was fuzzy in color, as if polluted. It went down warm & came up warm. Ties & sport jackets not required.

More scrow. My cat runs away. The flea bag snuck out one night. I wander the streets for days... throw tuna chunks all over the yard hoping to attract the lil critter. I place an ad in the newspaper, "LOST CAT". I get a call the same day. Bounty Hunters! They want \$25. for the return of the beast! I place the unmarked bills in a brown paper bag & wait. The rendezvous is made- the cat is back. Now she has worms.

Oh, heck. I decide to take a vacation & visit my folks down in the land of cotton. My muffler falls off on the trip down. Mom fills me full of shrimp & chicken... tells me to clean up & get a job. I lay around for a couple of weeks & play in the sand. Shoot some skeet. Play some golf. Watch a revival show on tv, "Save ME Doctor Jesus, SAVE ME!"

I load the car & drive back North. 2 days of sweltering heat in a black car. No radio.

Somewhere, a tear is shed for Vanessa Williams.

Now guess what? Returning from my vacation I find that I have been kicked out of my own band!! My head is throbbing... Can't anyone stop this throbbing? Well, it's true I did have an attitude problem. I'd rather watch Monday night baseball than go Ho Ho Ho Ha Ha Ha along to beach music. Besides, I don't have a cow bell CR a roto tom. & then of course there's that nasty old drinking problem that keeps rearing it's ugly head... What can I say? I get thirsty...

So now I have to listen to those guys wank away in the basement while practicing their imitation of MTV. Meanwhile, the neighbors complain about the noise, the electric rates soar, the tv reception is screwed up. I sit upstairs & contemplate the high cost of municipal waste treatment... Complex problem, that.

I could go on... My driving priviledges have been suspended; hay fever season is here; I've got a rash on my groin; my boat leaks; my breath stinks; I lost 2 library books ("How To Play The Stock Market" & "Lead Guitar Techniques" by Lefty Frizzel); the kids in the neighborhood throw rocks & garbage at me; the fishing's been lousy; we're out of toilet paper.

But my palmist tells me that I'm over the hump now. Autumn is my favorite season. The World Series is coming up... Halloween & Leslie Gore are on their way... Soon it will be Christmas Day.

**MORE PIG BOY**

DEBAUCHED- (Cassette).

These mugs played around Michigan last year before breaking up this Spring. The music was kinda dark, kinda funky, always eclectic. The whole project gains a lot of focus with this posthumous release.

The guitar on this is twisted, scratched & beaten into manic mood music. It's stretched & squished into the nooks & crannies of this psychodrama & I say TURN IT UP.

The vocalizing alternates between the sound of a horror flick monster in heat & the anguished cry of a turbaned record store clerk being goosed in the behind. "On you'r back, On you'r back, On you'r back- One for you- One for me, Agh!- Agh!"

A sober rythem section holds this casserole together & keeps the masses rockin'. There's even some horn on one song for you aviary freaks to flap yer wings to.

In all, a great production, good recording, & a must for the adventurous heathen.

#4.. Debauched, 5734 Ludington, Houston, TX.



FLIPPER- "Blowin' Chunks" (cassette).

Yeah, I know, melon head- there ain't much new material on here. Flipper 'er just a bunch a drunks & they's broke up. An' cassettes ain't aposed to be in the cool. So go weed yer garden er sumpin', pumpkin. Mr.'s Lose, Shatter, Falconi & DePace wreck havok on this here tape. The guitars sound like toys plugged into stacks of broken amps. It's autistic & raw & if you like drinking beer in bed & listening to loud music with the lights out then this could be the sound track to you'r life.

R.O.I.R., 611 Broadway, Suite 214, N.Y.C. 10012

TESCO VEE- "Dutch Hercules".

Ch no, it's HIM again. The self proclaimed rock god is back with more degradation for those souls less fortunate than ourselves. Crippled children, disco dancers, homos, lesbians, women, migrant workers, pot heads. Gosh, is anyone safe anymore? Whatever happened to fair play & music with a message? Whatever happened to the revolution? Everything can't be distilled down into a parody for our own enjoyment. Free speech is a privilage, ya know, to be used not abused. No more war. Register to vote. Drink more milk. Buy this record- it's fuckin great.

Touch & Go, P.O. 716, Maumee, Ohio, 43437.

SEPT 19 Wed: Battle Creek

FANG FROM BONER CALIF:

3buxc!! GIG INFO 9688345

T-A-AND SPECIAL GEUST